

Geometrical Progression.

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The Western (Eng.) *Gazette* says: "Many of our readers probably remember the old story of the man who thought he had made a famous bargain when he bought a horse on the understanding that he was to pay a shilling for the first day, a guinea half-penny for the second, a penny for the third, and so on, doubling the amount for each of the 31 days. It is not surprising that he was disappointed for the first day, and the following time came the purchase was but a little astonished to find that he had to pay some tens of thousands of pounds." A lady who appeared as defendant in a case of breach of promise at Westminster appears to have resorted to a similar bargain. The plaintiff, a gentleman named Hear, had entered into an agreement with her, a lady of the name of Price, whereby she promised to marry him

With one third of what her properties were worth, she might have received under the will of her husband, but under the agreement the defendant further consented to pay the plaintiff an annuity of £20 per annum, commencing on the 1st of January 1855, the said annuity to be doubled each year. The plaintiff became the lawful wife of the defendant. The gentleman alleged that, although the lady had become the possession of her property, she was not to marry him nor pay the annuity, and now he had obtained possession accordingly. The existence of the agreement was admitted, but the counsel for Miss Morris contended that the annuity was obtained by undue influence, and that the defendant was bound to reveal the fact that there was a clandestine engagement between them. The

sed. Either the lady must have been really in earnest in her intention to marry the plaintiff, or she was not one of the uncomfortable way figures of rapidly growing big when multiplied on the principle of geometrical progression. The Judge pointed out that if the couple did not marry within twenty-seven years, the plaintiff's duty would be by that time amounting to thousands of millions—a sum most

undon. Before a person consents to a bargain involving a mathematical ciple which is little understood, he old first "work it out," or he may ently be surprised to find that he undertaken to do the impossible.

A Change of Tune.

Hardly expect our readers to be it, but the following

staunch Republican organ, the *Chicago Republican*:

Military force is not a decision of Congress. Armies are not legislatures to be governed by laws, nor courts to try cases. The business of soldiery is to kill and destroy. The troops, when ordered, are to kill all who oppose them; destroy all that obstruct their path. They deny questions of law, nor titles to property.

has existed in Louisiana since there has been a government maintaining federal troops, whose business it is to kill all who opposed it. Governments like it were put in office and in office by armed force in other Southern states, and the moment the federal troops were withdrawn the governors fled, and other governments, elected and supported by the popular will, were elected in their place.

ago, the federal troops happened absent or off guard and Kellogg's unit toppled over and upset, as they supported it except some help-non-resistant blacks, and Kellogg, now in Washington blowing porpoise, well, he ran off and hid himself in the vaults of the government warehouse in New Orleans and used there until the federal troops

... who should oppose the reinvestment of Kellogg and his carpet-bagging government." Verily the work of restoring grace goes bravely on.

...
THE CAUSES OF VIOLENT DEATH.—Violent deaths in Great Britain in 1890 were no less than 17,920, the highest number ever registered. There were eighteen executions and 1,592

species. Railways killed 1,240, conveyances 1,375, and it is not at those modes of conveyance are mostly peculiar to cities not responsible for this great water. Street, or so-called horse roads, killed 62 persons, omnibuses, 61, and carriages 81, and these figures show how great is the skill exercised in the crowded of cities. The source of the re-

in our authority (a Scotch par-
out it is probable that exercise in
iddle had much to do with them.
were 742 deaths in coal mines,
8 in copper, tin, iron and other
Lightning killed 25, sunstroke
cold 114. There were 461 per-
poisoned, abou one-third being
es. The bite of a fox, of a dog, of
of a leech, the scratch of a cat,

CEBRATION IN NEW ORLEANS.—New Orleans, May 10th, response of acclamation by Governor Nichols celebrated as a day of Thanks. Services were held in all the

Flags were displayed throughout the city, and many buildings illuminated. Visiting companies from the city were entertained at the St. James and city hotels, and a grand dinner and ball was given them at the City Hall, which was largely attended. Ex-Governor Packard sent the following dispatch to Senator Blaine: "The overthrow of the lawful State government was appropriately celebrated."

and Navy of the United States
pated with the White Leagues
ama and Louisiana in this cel-
n of Democratic success. Did
justice require that the honors
achievement should be thus
divided? In the absence of
mission, the Gray was award-
post of honor to the Blue, and
no apology. The Custom House

the event. It is probable that
States interference will not be
d hereafter. **PACKARD."**

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The Woodland Democrat.

SUPPLEMENT.
WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA: THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1877.

NO. 27.

VOL. X.

A Mother's Diary.

Morning! Baby on the floor,
Making for the door;
Sunlight seems to make it sneeze.
Baby "on a bender!"
All the spoons upset and gone,
Chairs drawn into file,
Harnesses strung all strong across,
Ought to make one smile,
Apron clean, curls smooth, eyes blue
(How these charms will dwindle!)
For I rather think, don't you?
Baby "is a swindle."
Noon! A tangled, silken floss,
Getting in blue eyes;
Apron that will not keep clean,
If a baby tries.
One blue shoe untied, and one
Underneath the table;
Chairs gone mad, and blocks and toys
As well as they are able;
Baby in a high chair, too,
Yelling for his dinner.
Room in morning, for he never took his road except he had a letter for her or her mother.
Baby "is a slaver."
Night! Chairs all set back again,
Blocks and spoons in order;
One blue shoe beneath a mat.
Tells of a marauder;
Apron folded on a chair,
Piled dress torn and wrinkled,
Two pink feet kicked pretty bare,
Little feet knees crinkled;
In his crib, and conquered, too,
By sleep, best of angels.
Now I surely think, don't you?
Baby is an angel.
—Boston Transcript.

The Maid of Culm-More.

A True Story Told in a Plain Manner.

BY JOHN MORAN.

On the northern coast of Ireland, the traveler's attention may be attracted by numerous islands lying adjacent to the main land. On one of these lovely spots, named Culm-More, there lived a widow about fifty years old, her husband having met his untimely death during a violent storm off the coast.

The widow, Mrs. MacDermot, was blessed with one child, a daughter, sweet sixteen, who, for beauty, could not be excelled by any of the colts on the three adjoining islands. As might be expected her home was the favorite resort of all the youngsters about the place, each one of them in hopes of gaining Miss MacDermot's affections.

Mary, such was her name, received them all cordially, but paid more attention to one than another. On an adjoining island there lived a farmer named Jim O'Donnell, who had three sons, Thomas, Martin and James. Thomas being the eldest, he thought he should be thinking of getting married. He was a stout young man, about twenty-five years of age, of dark complexion, but well built and tall. Thomas, thinking the widow's daughter a good chance, he was a stout young man, about twenty-five years of age, of dark complexion, but well built and tall. Thomas, thinking the widow's daughter a good chance, he was a stout young man, about twenty-five years of age, of dark complexion, but well built and tall.

James, the youngest brother, was a boy of eighteen, handsome and intelligent, visited there often, and, as it proved, with more success than any of the others. Thomas, finding this out, grew jealous of his brother; he consulted his father and advised him to send James to college, to prepare him for teaching school in the parish they lived in. The father consented to send James to a college in Glasgow, where he had some acquaintances. When James became aware of this arrangement, he did not care to leave without making a last visit to his mother. About three in the afternoon he rode across the channel to the opposite shore, and went immediately to the widow's. He was received with cordial greetings. Miss Mary was a stout young woman, the principal object of his visit was that he was going to Glasgow to study, and as that was to be his last visit for some time, he informed her how deeply he was in love with her. She only loved him in return he would be the happiest man on earth.

She gave him her hand silently, the tears rolled down her bright cheeks, until she broke the silence by telling him to go and inform her mother of his departure. Both went immediately to the old woman, and James informed her that he was going away for three years, and he had come to bid her and Mary goodbye. Giving him a hearty shake of the hand, and a *dharachas* (God preserve you), the lovers parted, leaving the tears standing in Mary's eyes. Two days after, the widow was informed that her son was safe, he had returned to his father's house, and the other to the widow's daughter, to inform them of his safe arrival.

For a year after the latter carrier might be seen twice a month crossing the wild moor toward the Widow MacDermot's, and dropping a letter for her daughter.

After James O'Donnell's departure, his brother Thomas made frequent visits to the island. One evening in the month of October, 18—, he started from home, determined to know his fate before his return. When he got to Mrs. MacDermot's, there was no one in but that lady.

"Good evening, Mrs. Mac," she said, "and sit down," was the widow's reply.

"I came on particular business this evening. I came to know if you would be willing to receive my son-in-law. You want a good strong man to work your farm, and to make you as comfortable as I possibly can."

The widow said, "Thomas, I have no objection to your being my son-in-law, but I did not think Mary had her thoughts on marriage at present. However, Mary is coming in; ask her, and if she is willing, I am content."

The words were scarcely spoken when Mary entered with a pall of milk in her hand.

"Good evening, Mr. O'Donnell," she said, "you are come to see me."

"Thank you, Mary," he answered, reaching her hand; "I hope you will not be angry with me for what I am going to say. I love you dearly. If you will consent to be my wife, I will do all in my power to make you and your mother as comfortable as I possibly can."

Mary stepped back from him and answered: "Mr. O'Donnell, I have not made up my mind to marry for a couple of years; besides, I would not marry you anyway."

A dark cloud of anger overspread his features, and, muttering to himself, "I knew it; but she will rue the day she will ever marry any other," he departed from the widow's as angry as he could be, and returned home.

Time rolled on, and James O'Donnell's three years were drawing to a close. Mary was expecting a letter from him every day, to inform her of his arrival home. One pleasant evening, as she was sitting on the door-step, pondering over the last visit he had made her, "Perhaps he has seen some Scotch girl in Glasgow to admire more than me," she thought. At that moment she heard the echoes of a horn, and, raising her head, she saw the letter-carrier crossing the wild moor, with his leather bag on his back. She ran to meet him, for he never took his road except he had a letter for her or her mother. He gave her a package; on opening it she found a nice book and a note from the object of her thoughts. The note informed her that he would go home after another month. A smile of joy spread over her countenance as she read the note. "Perhaps he may love me yet," she inwardly said. She hastened to tell her mother the news. Her father was overjoyed to hear of his return home. Four weeks afterwards Mary received another visit from the mail-carrier, with a note to inform her that James was about to start for home on the next day. He had made all preparations to leave on the day appointed. The ship was to sail at 8 A. M.

After four-and-twenty hours of tedious sailing the coast anchor in view of the city of Londonderry, and James O'Donnell arrived safely at home. After a hearty welcome from all his friends, he thought was time he was on his road towards the widow's. He started, therefore, for her home, and, as he got to the channel, where he did see on the opposite shore, sitting in the boat, but Mary MacDermot, thinking for him, as soon as she espied him she rowed the boat to meet him. But what a different man from the boy of eighteen that left her three years ago; a full-grown man, handsome-featured, broad shoulders, elegantly built and well dressed. He grasped her in his arms and pressed her to his heart.

"Oh, Mary," he exclaimed, "is it you?" "Yes, James, it is me; I was waiting for you to come over to this house; how glad my mother will be to see you." They got into the boat and pulled across to the opposite shore, and started for the widow's house. Mary's mother and James, Thomas being the eldest, he thought he should be thinking of getting married. He was a stout young man, about twenty-five years of age, of dark complexion, but well built and tall. Thomas, thinking the widow's daughter a good chance, he was a stout young man, about twenty-five years of age, of dark complexion, but well built and tall. Thomas, thinking the widow's daughter a good chance, he was a stout young man, about twenty-five years of age, of dark complexion, but well built and tall.

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channel. Instantly he dropped the oars in the sea and exclaimed, "The plug is out of the boat and the water is gushing in. Save yourself the best you can!" jumping out into the sea, leaving her to her fate; besides, I would not marry you anyway."

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The Kitchen.

The first consideration in a cooking room is cleanliness. Tried by this test, papered walls are an abomination in such a place. You can not darken this room through parts of the day in summer, as you do others, and consequently fly specks will be numerous. These walls absorb the kitchen odors and steam, and the smoke rests lovingly upon them. If creeping things get into the house, they are sure to insinuate themselves into the walls. Hard-finished walls are more easily cleaned than papered walls, but unless they are finished better than in the kitchen we have seen, they soon look dirty, and this is the next worst thing to being so; for such finishing soon becomes discolored and ugly.

"Is my wife drowned?" James asked, running to the shore. When there he ran along the strand calling "Mary, Mary!" but all to no avail; the echoes of his voice died away amid the sounds of the dashing waves. As he was running about in wild despair, he heard a voice saying, "James, James, help!" He stood and listened, but could not hear any more. He returned home like a man in a dream. He could not rest all that night, but walked about not knowing where he was. Early in the morning he went to the sea-shore, and stopped there all day long, watching the waves ebbing and fro. Often the words of the poet crossed his memory: "The water-wraith only gets a child, and he was left lamenting."

Time rolled on, and six weary months passed by, and during that time he never spoke to Thomas nor to his mother. They always shunned each other. One day James met his father, "Father," says he, "I do not leave this country, my brother Thomas will kill himself. I know by the way he acts. I have my mind on going to America." I few days after James started for Glasgow to take his passage to America.

When Thomas jumped out of the boat and left Mary to her fate, a thought came to her to try to stop the hole to prevent the leakage, in which she succeeded by stuffing it with her shawl. "Now if I had the oars I could get to shore, but she was floating away with the tide." She was drifting northward with a lively breeze. She was giving herself up for lost, when she heard the cries of her husband. Then she answered with all her strength, "James, James, help!" and she fell insensible in the boat.

Next day she awoke from her insensibility and found herself in the midst of the ocean; the waves were so high that danger stood upon the shore of her handkerchief in her hand, hoping it might attract the attention of some passing ship. She waited about for a night and then she gave up all hope. The sun was sinking down on the waves of the Atlantic, when she espied, coming towards her, a full-rigged ship. "Thank heaven, relief at last!" she says. She was taken on board the ship, and in light of a gloomy and a gloomy house, where walls and furniture are dingy and brown, you have but to take down the heavy curtains, open wide the window, hang brackets on either side, and in a few minutes you have a bright room, and the warm sun stream freely in—Selected.

BAKED CAULIFLOWER WITH PARMESAN CHEESE.—Take the green leaves from two large heads of cauliflower; cook the heads in salted water, with a small lump of butter; drain them; have ready a pint of grated cheese and fine crackers, season the cauliflower inside and outside with salt, pepper and nutmeg; set the heads on a dish and give them the form of a dome; in another sauce-pan, have a pint of bechamel sauce; when boiling, mix with it the yolks of four eggs and two ounces of grated Parmesan cheese, work with a fine consistency, boil a moment, spread it thickly over the cauliflower, and smooth with the blade of a knife; sprinkle over the top some mixed grated cheese and fine crackers, and small bits of butter; bake twenty minutes in a warm oven, and serve in the baking dish.

OATMEAL PORRIDGE.—Take a pint of oatmeal, mix it in two eggs well beaten, and a small piece of butter; put into a well-buttered shallow pan, and bake a nice brown. We sometimes have the meat left from tea, and this is a nice way to use it.

FLAXEN CAKES.—To one pint of flour add one-half pint of corn meal, four eggs, one teaspoonful yeast, with milk enough to make a stiff batter; set to rise over night. Take with warm milk and water before baking next morning.

CONDENSED EGGS.—One teaspoonful of condensed eggs is equal to one fresh egg. No salt is needed in using these eggs. They must be thinned with a little hot water and beaten with the butter and sugar.

PAINT.—If paint is put in a glass jar and sealed up tight it may be kept for a long time without drying up. If the handle of the brush is short, so as to go inside, it is always ready without washing.

FISH AND MEAT SAUCE.—Six tablespoonfuls water, four of vinegar; put into a saucepan and warm, thicken with the yolks of two eggs; do not boil it; add the juice of one lemon.

PERFUMED DRESSING.—Mix one pound of powdered sugar, and half a pound of whites of three or four eggs; add ten or twelve drops of peppermint; beat well; drop on writing paper.

CAKE FROSTING.—Mix one teaspoonful of cream of tartar with one pound of powdered sugar, and half a pound of whites of three or four eggs; add ten or twelve drops of peppermint; beat well; drop on writing paper.

LADY CAKE.—One cupful butter, two cupfuls sugar, four cupfuls flour, one cupful milk, three eggs, one-half teaspoonful soda, flavor to taste.

TO BAKED WAXY PAPER.—Rub it with a woolsen cloth dipped in dry Indian meal, or with pieces of stale bread.

SPONGE CAKE.—Four eggs, beaten for half an hour; one cupful sugar, one cupful flour.

How She Fooled Him.

John Sanscript's wife went to bed Saturday night with her mind made up to fool the old man the next day or die in the attempt. In previous years she had found John impervious to jokes of all kinds, and she realized the Auger task before her on the morrow. With her mind full of her self-imposed task she went to sleep. At daylight she awoke and at once began to operate. Her victim was lying with his back towards her, apparently in a sound sleep. She poked him vigorously in the ribs with her sharp elbow and clawed his shins with her toe-nails, preparatory to startling him with a half-whispered warning.

"John—oh, John—there's some one ringing the door-bell!" "Let 'em ring," was the sleepy response. "But, John, maybe it's the man on the next square who owes you that \$100 you gave him for the thermometer!" "No 'tain't, neither," said John, with a yawn. "But you don't know, and it may be that very man." "I guess not, for he's buried; died last week. Besides, old woman, you ears deceive you. I took the bell-knob off last week to fool April-foolers."

Heaven, what a mess she made of it to begin with! But when the old man rolled out of bed, yawning and picked up his pants she rammed the sheet into her mouth to plug her laughter. "Oh, jingy, won't he tumble when he puts his feet into them pants and finds his legs sewed up!" she said to herself.

Judge of her rage when the provoking brute innocently carried the blockaded breeches to the wardrobe and inquired: "Nancy, where them chocolate colored pants I had on last week?" "Put on the ones you have in your hands, John; what's the matter with them?" "I burst a button off yesterday, and they need mending."

At breakfast she poured out a nice cup of coffee for him and sweetened it with two spoonfuls of salt. "You needn't give me any coffee," he said, "keep that yourself!" "Why, John, what's the matter? This is the first time since we were married you refused coffee." "The blamed stuff has made me nervous lately; and as this is the first of the month, I thought I'd break off and only drink it for supper. You keep that yourself."

When he came home to dinner she had prepared him a neatly-directed envelope with a sheet of blank paper enclosed within. He eyed it suspiciously, and, throwing it into the fire, said: "I know a day, handkerchief, to it from that crazy lunatic who wants me to vote for him to-morrow. So much for his letter!"

In the evening she disguised herself in one of her husband's old suits and came to the door to beg for charity.

"Please give me a nickel to buy some bread."

"Get out, or I'll give you a nickel with my hand!" he roared.

"But, sir, please consider. I am starving."

"The devil you are! Now, I'll bet you \$50 against the suit of clothes you wear that you are an impostor."

"But, sir, please consider. I am starving."

"If I were to search you now I shouldn't be surprised to find you loaded with wealth. For two cents I would see."

"For two cents?" he yelled.

"John! John! you wouldn't send your wife to the station house, would you?"

"The— I wouldn't!" was the cool response. "Anybody who lies to me answers my door-bell, sews up my trousers, puts salt in my coffee, writes me anonymous notes and steals my clothes ought to be sent to the penitentiary for life."

"But how do you know?" "If you women wouldn't talk in your sleep you might keep a secret once in a while."

Mrs. Sanscript says that hereafter when she attempts an April-fool joke she intends to sit up all the night previous.

Orange Culture in Florida.

The past winter has been very severe upon the orange trees in some parts of Florida. Mr. S. B. Parsons, of Ft. Lauderdale, who has an orange grove, states that during the extreme cold of December last the thermometer went down to 18 deg. on the west side of the river opposite his grove, and fruit was frozen and young trees destroyed. This also happened one hundred miles south of him, while at his grove the thermometer did not fall below 31 deg., and neither fruit nor trees were in the least injured. This is attributable solely to the fact that the grove lies on the southeast of a long stretch of the St. Johns river, and receives the air tempered by the exhalation at night from water heated by a warm sun during the day.

A grove that has safely endured such unprecedented cold, and on which the growth and bearing of the trees show that it has the true orange soil, has a definite money value. The maximum produce of an orange tree of some age is from 5,000 to 7,000. This, however, is a rare crop, and 1,000 per acre for a grove ten years old is considered to be a successful result; 100 trees planted on an acre thus producing 100,000 oranges per acre. Mr. Parsons sold his crop the past winter at the rate of two and a half cents an orange, the purchaser picking the fruit. A common rate is two cents each, and this would give an annual income of nearly \$2,000 per acre. Reduce the bearing one-half, and the price one-half and you have \$500 per acre, which he says is certainly satisfactory. Under proper care and greater age the produce will be increased. One of his trees, ten years old, produced over 1,000 fruit, and a few years more age will doubtless double the crop. The most experienced men, who deal largely in foreign fruit, held a very decided opinion that the price of Florida oranges can never grow very low, their quality being so superior that they bring twelve dollars per barrel, while the West India or Mediterranean oranges realize only three dollars per barrel. Mr. Parsons thinks we shall soon ship them largely to England. The packing is so well understood that they are sent all over the country in the most secure manner. He attributes the superiority of the Florida orange to the fact that the tropical orange blossoms and bears without cessation, while in Florida there is always more or less frost, and the tree has a distinct period of rest, bearing one crop annually, and maturing at the same time.—American Cultivator.

Two country lads came at an early hour to a market town, and arranging their little stands, sat down to wait for customers. One was furnished with fruit and vegetables of the boy's own cultivation, and the other supplied with fish, oysters and fish. The market hours passed along, and each little merchant saw with pleasure his stores steadily decreasing, and an equivalent in silver shining in his little money-cup. The last melon lay on Harry's stand, when a gentleman came by, and placing his hand upon it, said, "What a fine large melon. What do you ask for it, my boy?"

"The melon is the last I have, sir; and though it looks very fair, there is an unsound spot in it," said the boy, turning it over.

"There is, is there? said the man; 'I think I will not take it. But,' he added, looking into the boy's fine open countenance, 'it is very business-like to point out the defects of your fruit to customers!'"

"You are better than being dishonest," said the boy, modestly.

"You are right, little fellow; always remember that principle, and you will find favor with God and man also. I shall remember your little stand in connection with the boy's fine open countenance."

"Yes, sir; fresh this morning. I caught them myself," was the reply, and a purchase being made the gentleman went away.

"Harry, what a fool you was to show the gentleman that spot in the melon. Now you can't take it home for your pains, or throw it away. How much wiser is it to tell the truth?"

"I would not tell a lie, or act one either, for twice what I have earned this morning. Besides, I shall be better off in the end, for I have gained a customer, and you have lost one."

HOLLAND has at last achieved her long desired conquest of the sea—having dammed up the Zuyder Zee from flowing into the sea, on which Amsterdam is situated, and a new canal from that city straight down to the coast, and carved out a new and eligible harbor at the outer entrance of the canal. This vast work of improvement has been in progress of execution for some thirteen years, under the direction of the most skillful English and Dutch engineers, the contract for the whole work amounting to between twelve and thirteen million dollars. The new canal, though short, saves a distance around of some one hundred miles, but the engineering difficulties which had to be encountered are represented to have been very great.

The undertaking involved, incidentally, the making of between twelve and thirteen thousand acres of land, the sale of which has realized nearly eight million dollars.

The editor of a country paper wrote one evening: "To-day is the anniversary of the death of Louis Philippe. When the printer's proof came up the name read 'Sam Phillips.' The editor wrote on the margin, 'Who the duke is Sam Phillips?'"

Next morning the article read: "To-day is the anniversary of the death of Sam Phillips. Who the duke is Sam Phillips?"

A TEXAS stockman recently sold to parties in southwestern Kansas 40,000 head of cattle and 2,000 horses for \$140,000 in silver.

UJJI.

Ujji, or Kavele, as Cameron usually styles it, is on the eastern shore of Lake Tanganyika, about a quarter of the distance from the northern end of the lake. It is very nearly in latitude 4 deg. S., longitude 30 deg. E., about 800 miles a little north of west from Zanzibar, and about 900 miles from the west coast. The Mteme, or head chief of the country of Ujji, lives in a village at some distance from the lake; but every district is ruled over by a Mutwale, who is usually assisted by three or four Wateko or elders. The natives are fine-looking, good smiths and porters, and expert fishermen, but their reputation for honesty and sobriety is more than dubious. Their dress is usually a single piece of bark cloth, two corners of which are tied in a knot over one shoulder and passing under the opposite arm-pit. The chiefs usually wear colored cloths, bought from the traders instead of bark cloth, but worn in the same manner. There are a number of Arab traders settled here, of whom three must be mentioned as having subsequently exercised a considerable influence over the fortunes of Cameron and his party. These were Mohammed ibn Salih, a fine portly old half-caste Arab, who had not been at Ujji since 1842, and although he held no official authority from the Sultan of Zanzibar, was looked upon by the traders as their head; Syde Mezuri, also a half-caste, and an "apocryphal," great braggart, and, as afterwards proved, a great rascal; and Muinyi Hassani, a slave-trader.

Cameron was assured that it would be impossible to travel west of the lake for at least three months, until the rainy season was over. About the only thing that could be done during the period of waiting was to make a voyage around the lake. Stanley and Livingstone had sailed around it, but the northern part, above Ujji, but the southern and much larger portion was unknown to Europeans, although, as we now know from his *Last Journals*, Livingstone had made almost the entire circuit of it. The first difficulty was to procure a boat. The only one large enough for the purpose belonged to Syde ibn Habib, and this was hired at an exorbitant price, and after much trouble in contriving the mode of payment. Syde wanted ivory, but Cameron had none. Ibu Habib had ivory, but would sell it only for cloth, which Cameron was destitute; but Ibu Gharib had cloth and wanted ivory, which Cameron had. So the wine was sold for cloth, the cloth for the ivory, and the ivory paid over to the boat.

The principal sight at Ujji is the market, held every morning and afternoon in an open space near the shore. It is attended by all the tribes bordering on the lake, who bring forth, corn, sweet potatoes, yams, bananas, tobacco, cucumbers, pineapples, palm wine, sugar-cane, salt, fish, meat, baskets, nets, spears, bows, bark cloth, pottery, iron-work, and so forth. Many of the vendors build small arbors to shelter them from the sun. There are also traders who come from a distance to dispose of their ivory and slaves. All bargaining is carried on at the top of the voice, and the din is deafening. The currency of trade is a soft, kind of beads looking like broken pieces of pipe-stems, all prices being estimated in this; but they are not actually current as money. In the morning brokers go around with soft, which they sell for other beads; and in the evening they buy up the soft, making a handsome percentage on both transactions.—Harper's Magazine.

Public Flogging as a Punishment. A very few years ago—perhaps four or five—garroting became a terror to the Londoner, and the law was enacted, and robbery, without intent to kill, the death penalty was too terrible, and the other penalties failed to intimidate, as they generally do when the crime is lucrative, easily committed, and not immediately dangerous. It could not be trifled with, and something had to be done. A "barbarous" whipping of the bare back was resorted to, and garroting subsided. The result was what the public wanted. Sentimental eyes may show their white, horrified hands may go up, floods of widdle may come forth in sympathy with the discouraged garroter, but men common sense, especially if they have been garrotted themselves, will say that the end was worth what it cost, and believe in the inhumanity that achieved it.

Nothing has been said of Delaware. No valuable lesson could be drawn from her without considerable investigation, and perhaps not then. She may do too much flogging, or she may not do enough. Her ministers of justice may be models of enlightenment, or they may be models of debasement. The lash there can be still a class instrument, or it may not. She has no great city—an exceedingly important consideration—and two portions of her people are jostling

